

BIBLIOTHECA FICTIVA

THE SHERIDAN LIBRARIES



3 1151 03701 8482

COMMON SECRETARY AND JALOWSIT.

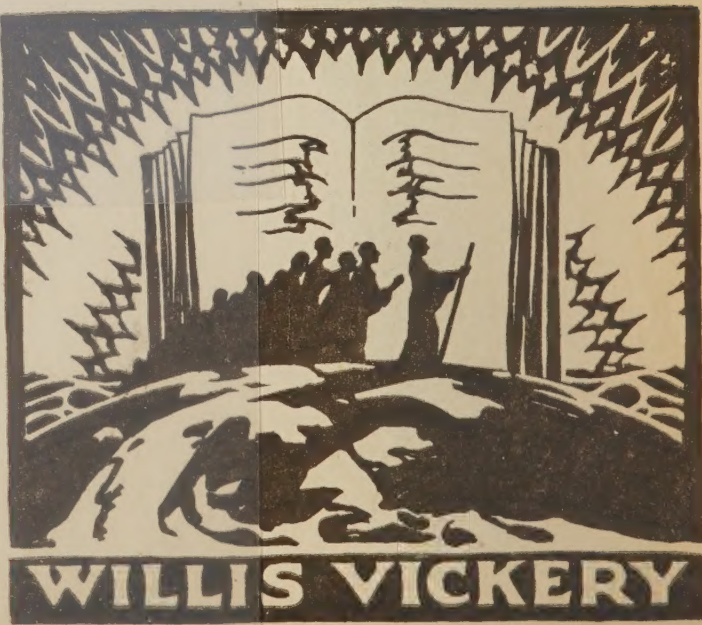


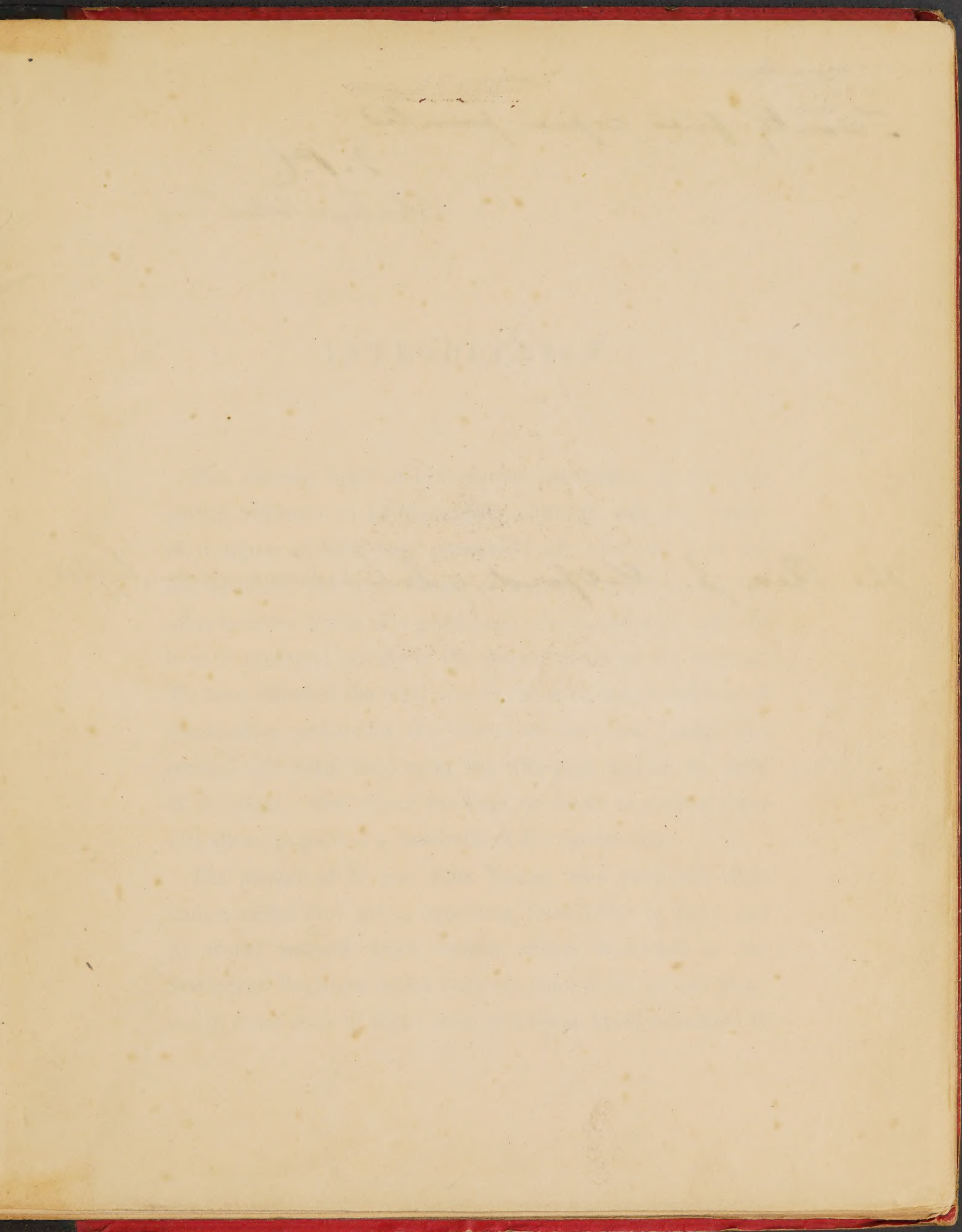




40

1842?





Twenty-five copies printed

J. P. C.

"John Payne Collier."

The Rev. J. Mitford / of Buxhall, Lavenham, Suffolk /

INTRODUCTION.

The ensuing brief and humorous production is not altogether unknown to bibliographers, although only two copies of it appear to have been preserved: one of these, if we are not mistaken, was in the library of the late Mr. Heber, and the other is in the hands of a gentleman, who has liberally allowed it to be reprinted exactly in the shape it bears in the original. We have followed the text, even in the most minute matters of punctuation, preserving also errors of the press (easily discovered and corrected,) upon the title-page and in the body of the tract. Our object has been, as nearly as modern types will allow, to present a fac-simile of the curious relic.

The printer of it was John Kynge, who published eight known works with dates, extending from 1550 to 1561, and six works without dates, besides others mentioned in the Stationers' Registers, which have not come down to our time: many, if not most of these, were of a comic kind, calculated to

be popular, and it is not surprising that, in passing from hand to hand among careless readers, not a few have been entirely lost, or have only reached us from the presses of later typographers.

The following tract is precisely of this description; and as it is extremely characteristic of the age when it appeared, and is in several respects illustrative of our older literature, by the use of words and proverbial expressions not now employed, it has been thought that some service, however trifling, would be rendered to archæology by placing it beyond the reach of future destruction. Among the now uncommon words we may mention "diffuse," in the sense of *unintelligible*, or *confused*, as found in Shakespeare's "Merry Wives," "Henry V.," and "King Lear;" while the phrase, "light of the sere," may perhaps aid in explaining a well-remembered passage in "Hamlet:" the double sense of the word "occupy" is also explained near the end of the Dialogue, which thus has a peculiar value for philologists, independently of its great rarity. The proverbial phrases, some of them common to other writers, do not seem to require particular notice.

To whom the authorship may be assigned is merely matter of conjecture; but it is very clear, from the style and character of the production, that it was not a translation. Edward

Gosynhyll, as he himself spells his name, was the writer of at least two humorous productions from the press of John Kynge, although bibliographers have hitherto only mentioned one of them as his, viz., "The prayse of all women, called Mulierum Pean," which came out without date, and was reprinted by Myddylton under the same circumstances: this work has been duly assigned, by Ritson and others, to Gosynhyll, but nobody seems to have been aware that he was also the author of "The Scole house of women," printed by Kynge in 1560, and included by Mr. Utterson in his two elegant volumes, "Select Pieces of Early Popular Poetry," 8vo., London, 1817. This fact is ascertained very unequivocally by Gosynhyll himself, for he admits it in his "Prayse of all women, called Mulierum Pean:" the author is thus addressed by a number of ladies in a vision:—

"A wake, they sayde, slepe nat so fast,
Consyder our grefe, and how we be blamed,
And all by a boke that lately is past,
Whyche, by reporte, *by thee was fyrst framed,*
The Scole of Women, none auctour named:
In prynte it is passed, lewdely compyled,
All women wherby be sore revyled."

Here, therefore, Gosynhyll avows that he wrote "The Scole house of women," which had been published anonymously

in 1560; and we are thus sure also that "The prayse of all women" followed it, as a sort of amends to the female sex. The subsequent stanza, which concludes this latter production, contains Gosynhyll's name at length.

"Yf question be moued who is thine authour,
Be nat adorad to vtter his name:
Say, Edward Gosynhyll toke the labour
For womanhede thee for to frame;
Call hym thyne authour, do nat shame.
Thankes lokes he none for, yet wold he be glad
A staffe to stand by that all women had."

Thus, having given "all women" their bane in his "Scole house," Gosynhyll afforded them their antidote in his "Prayse of all women." From the nature of the production, and the style of composition, as well as from the circumstance that it came from the press of Gosynhyll's printer, it may not appear unlikely that he was also the author of the ensuing Dialogue.

J. P. C.

(A dialogue bytwene
the commune secretary
and Falowsye,

Touchynge the vnstablenesst
of Harlottes.



Jalowsye.

What a worlde is thys, I true it be acurst
Fayne wolde I mary, yf that I durst
But I trowe, syth the tyme that god was borne
So many honest men helde of the horne.

Secretary.

What is the mater, be ye in any dout
Pacifye your mode, let it all come out
Discharge your stomake, auoyde it forth
Sorowes in store be nothyng worth.

Jalowsye.

Trouth it is, I trust ye wyl not be greued
Though a smal questyon to you be meued
In a mater, to me doubtfull and diffuse
Which I suppose ye haue had in experience and vse.

Secretary.

That peraventure, but I wyl not promyse you precysely
To assoyle your questyon very wysely
How be it, that ye saye, I am of experience
So ye wyl beclose, ye shall heare my sentence.

Jalowsye.

Than thus she that hath a rollynge eye
And doth conuey it well and wysely
And therto hath a wauerynge thought
Trowe you that this trull wyl not be bought.

Secretary.

Yes but take hede by the pryce ye haue no losse
A mad marchaunt that wyll gyue v marke for a gose
Beware a rollynge eye wt waueryng thought, marke yt
And for suche stuffe, passe not a dantypprat.

Jalowsye.

She that is very wanton and nyse
Thynkyng her selfe meruaylous wyse
And wyll come to hym that dothe her call
Wyll she not wrastell for a fall.

Secretary.

Yes surely, for a fall as flatte as a cake
And careth not how many falles she dothe take
There is no fall can make her lame
For she wyll be sure of the best game.

Jalowsye.

She that dothe make it all straunge and quaynt
And loketh as she were a very saynt
If a man in the darke dothe her assay
Hath she any power to holde out, nay nay.

Secretary.

Holde out, yes, or it is pytpe she was borne
A horse, a whelbarowe, and a rammes horne
If the other thynge come, ye whote what I meane
For all her holy lokes, she wyll conuey it cleane.

Jalowspe.

She that dothe loue moche dallynge
Wyth dyuerse men, for fayre spekynge
And thynketh not on her owne shame
Wyll not thys wylde fowle be made tame

Secretary.

Yes wyth good handelyng as I ayne
Euen by and by ye shall her reclayne
And make her tame as euer was tyrtyll
To suffre kyssynge and tyklynge vnder the kyrtyll.

Jalowspe.

She that is somewhat lyght of credence
And to make her fresshe, large of expence
How saye you, and her money do fayle
Wyll she not laye to pledge her tayle.

Secretary.

Yes, and yf she be of that appetyte
She wyll bothe pledge and sell out ryght
Heade pece, tayle pece, and all foure quarters
To one or other, rather than fayle to carters.

Jalowspe.

She that loueth to syt and muse
And craftely can her selfe excuse
When she is taken with a fawte
Wyll she not be wonne wyth a small assawte.

Secretary.

What nedes assawte, I dare saye she wyll consent
That ye shall entre by a reasonable poyntment
And than take hede, for in keeping of this warde & holde
Is more daunger than in getynge a thousande folde.

Jalowsye.

She that is of mynde somewhat rechelesse
Gyuyng her selfe all to ydelnesse
And loueth to lye longe in her bedde
Who wayteth a tyme, shall he not be spedde.

Secretary.

Tyme? nay nay, wayte yf she be in good mode
For out of the chyrche, all tymes be good
But passe not theron, though she saye naye
For so she wyll, whan she hath best lust to playe.

Jalowsye.

She that can no conseyle kepe
And lyghtly wyll sobbe and wepe
Laugh agayne, and wote not why
Wyll she not be soone tyced to foly.

Secretary.

The teares betoken a gracyous couroge
And laughynge dothe all malyce aswage
Whan she is in that takynge, marke well marke
Let slpy, spare not for one course in her parke.

Jalowspe.

She that is fayre, lusty and yonge
And can comon in termes wyth fyled tonge
And wyll abyde whysperynge in the eare
Thynke ye her tale is not lyght of the seare.

Secretary.

By all these semely touches, me thynketh surely
Her owne tale she sholde occupy
Somtyme for nede, her honesty saued
She wyll wasshe often, or she be ones shaued.

Jalowspe.

She that paynteth her in starynge apparell
Use hote wynes, and dayly fare well
And loueth to slepe at after none tyde
Who lyst to stryke, trowe ye she wyll not stryde.

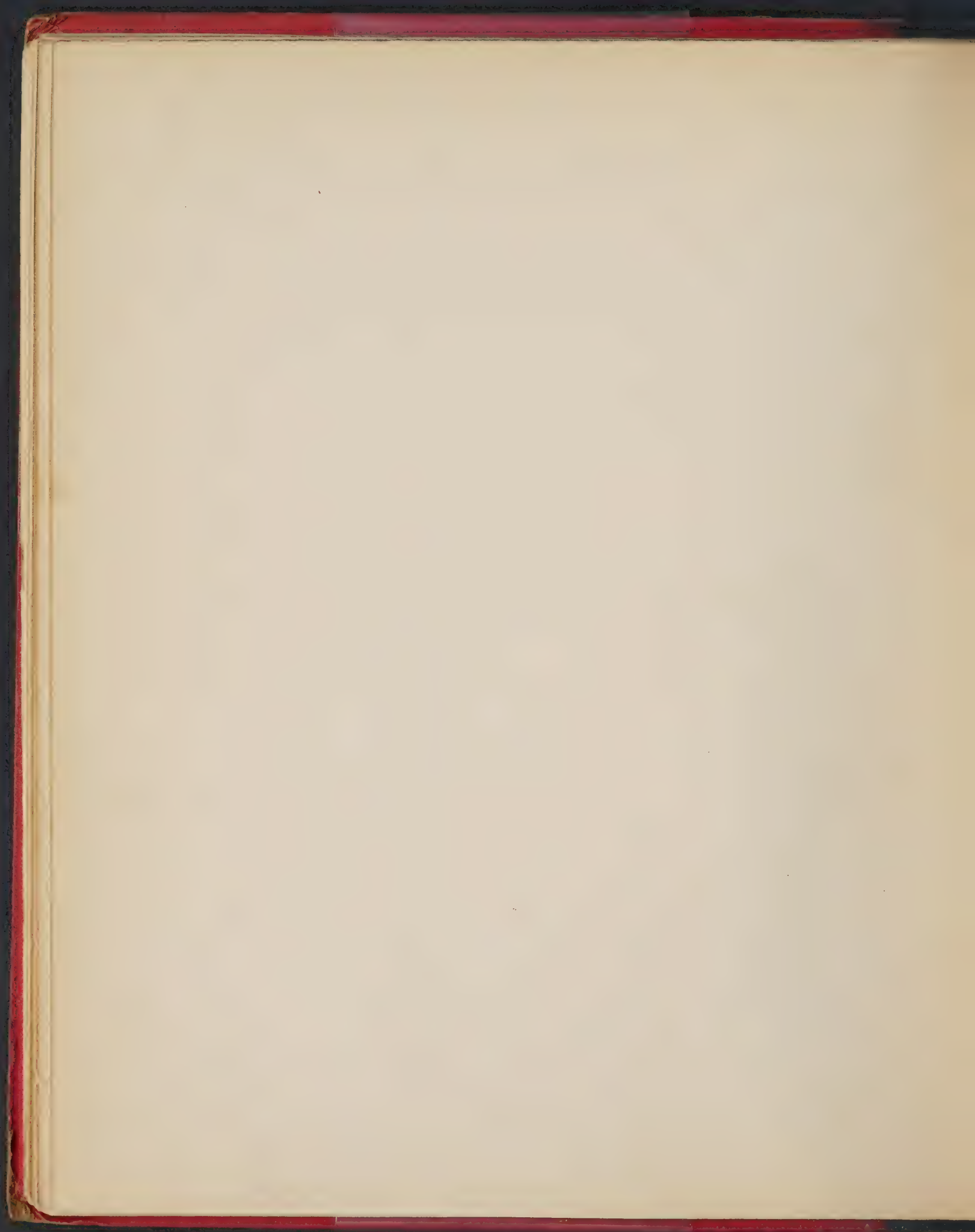
Secretary.

I can not saye, yf she wyll stryde
But yf reason be offred, nothyng shall fall besyde
For of trouth, as frost engendreth hayle
Ease and rank fedynge, doth cause a lycorous tale.

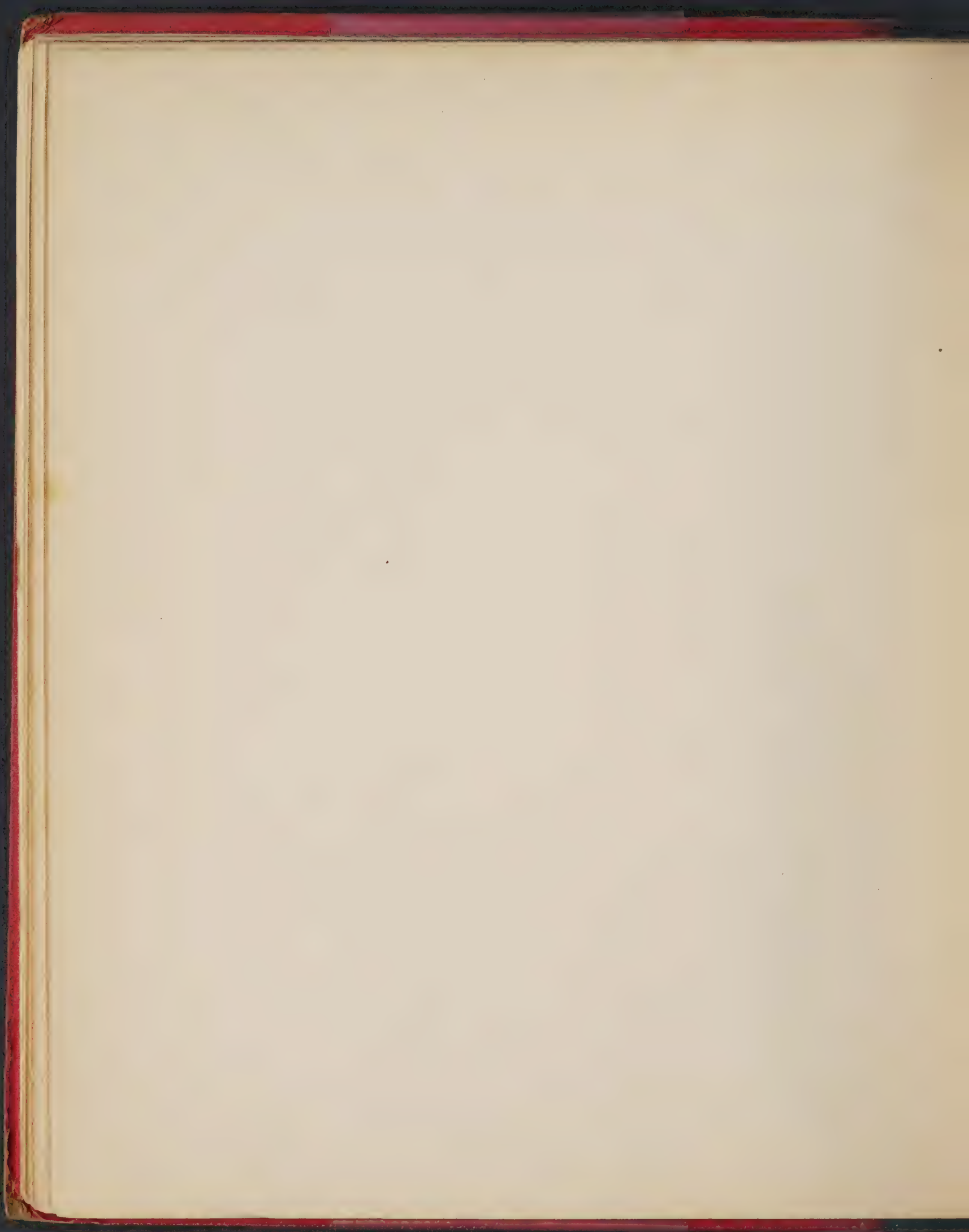
(Imprinted at London in Crede Lane
by John Kyng.

[FREDERICK SHOBERL, JUNIOR,
PRINTER TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT,
51, RUPERT STREET, HAYMARKET, LONDON.]

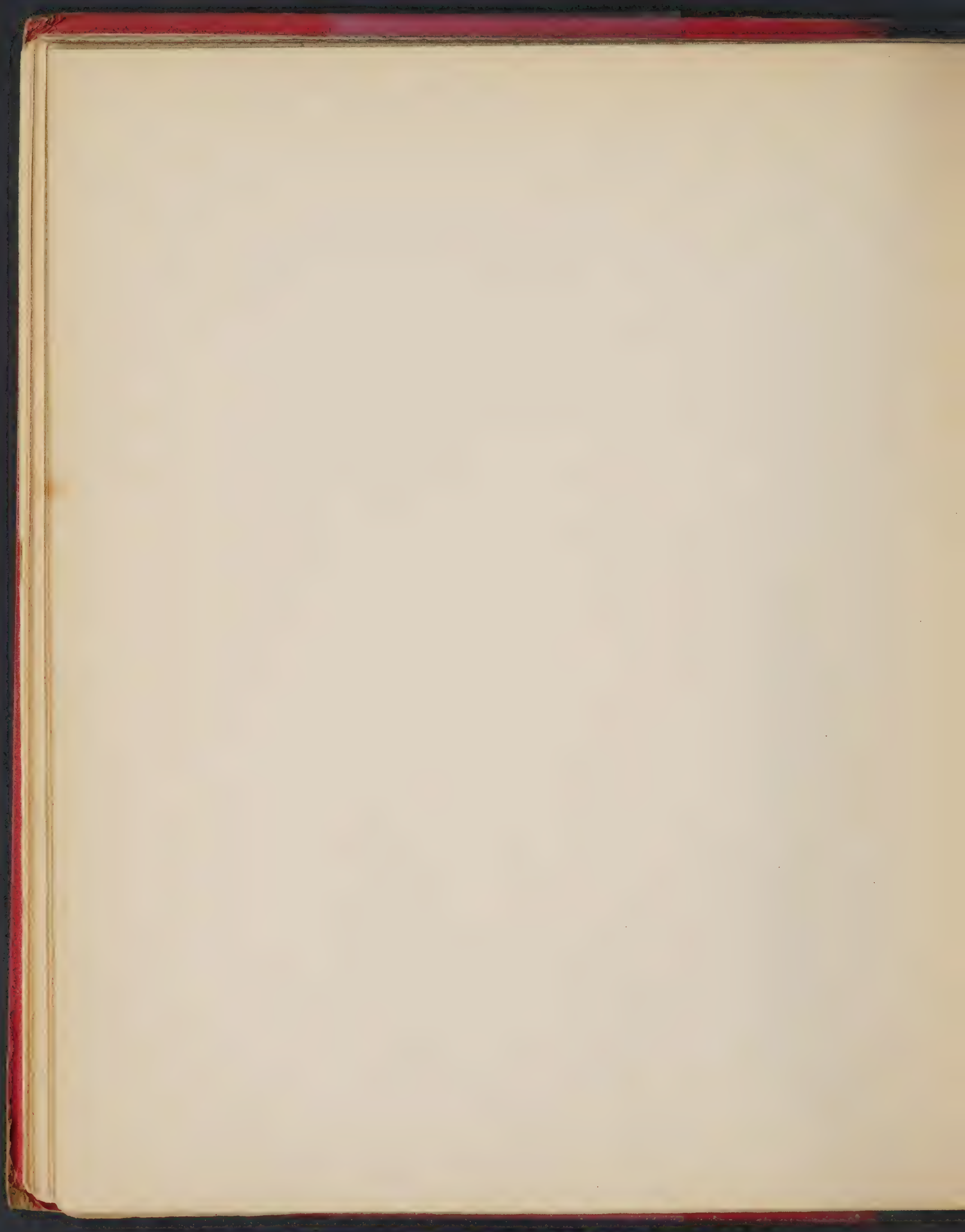




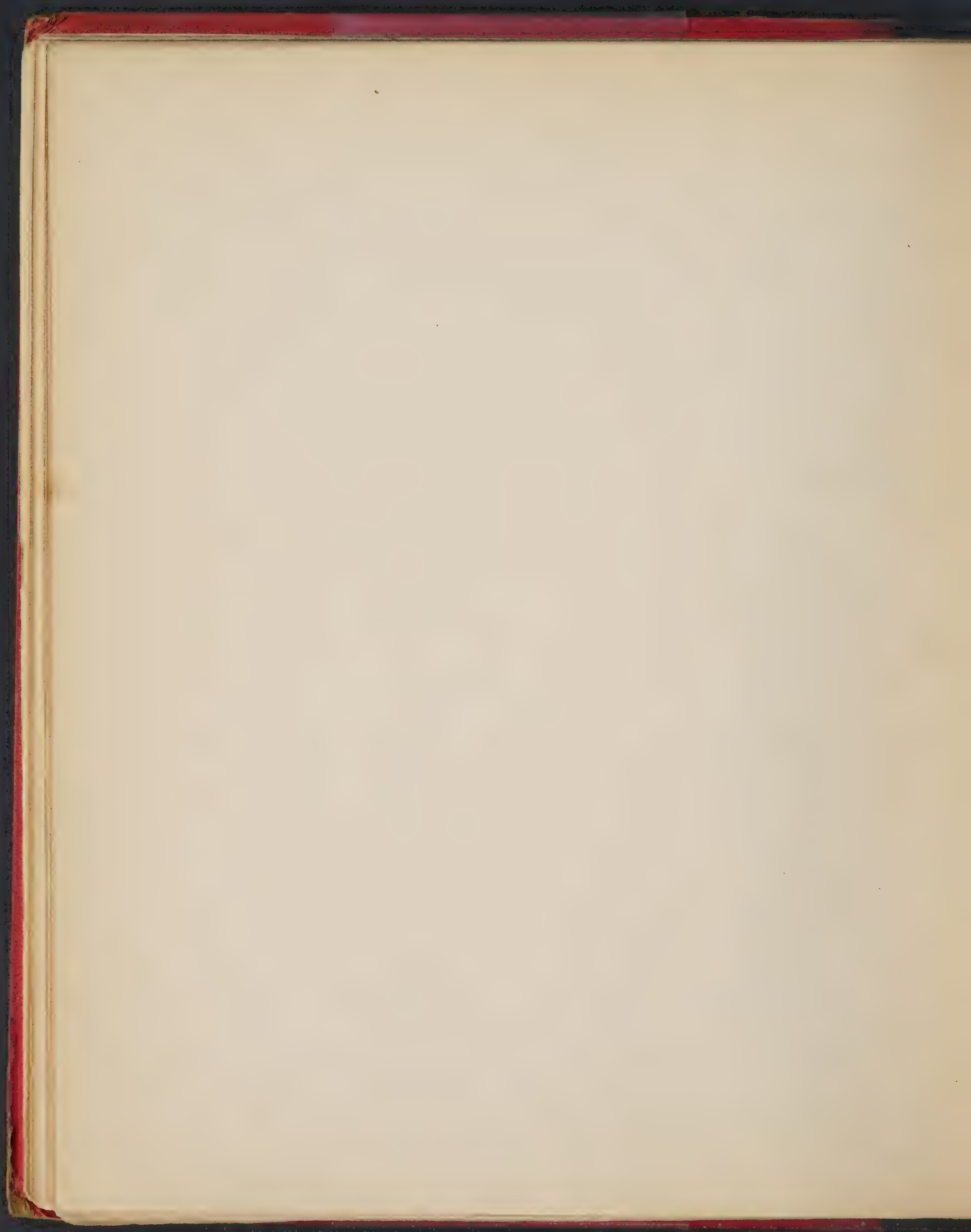




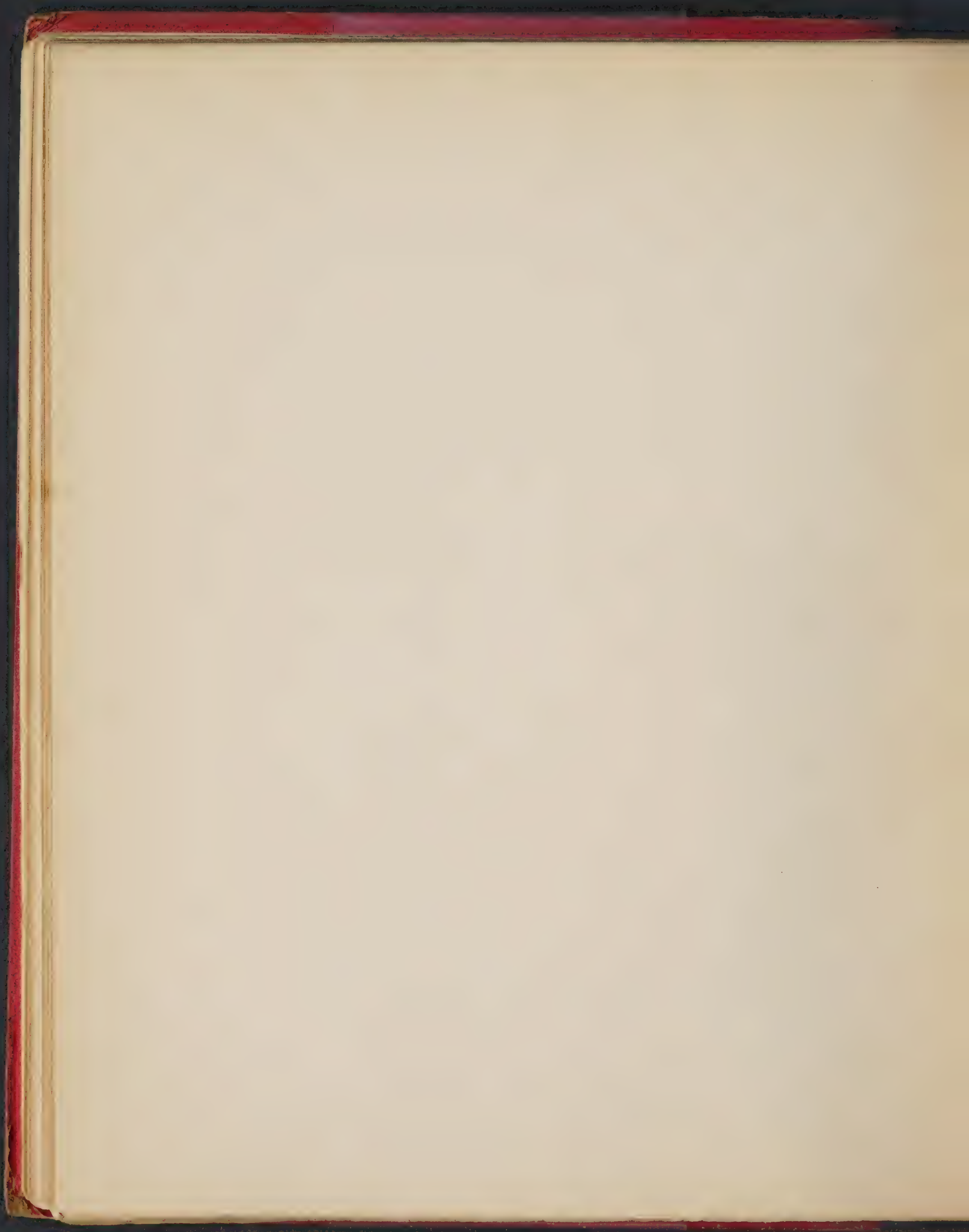




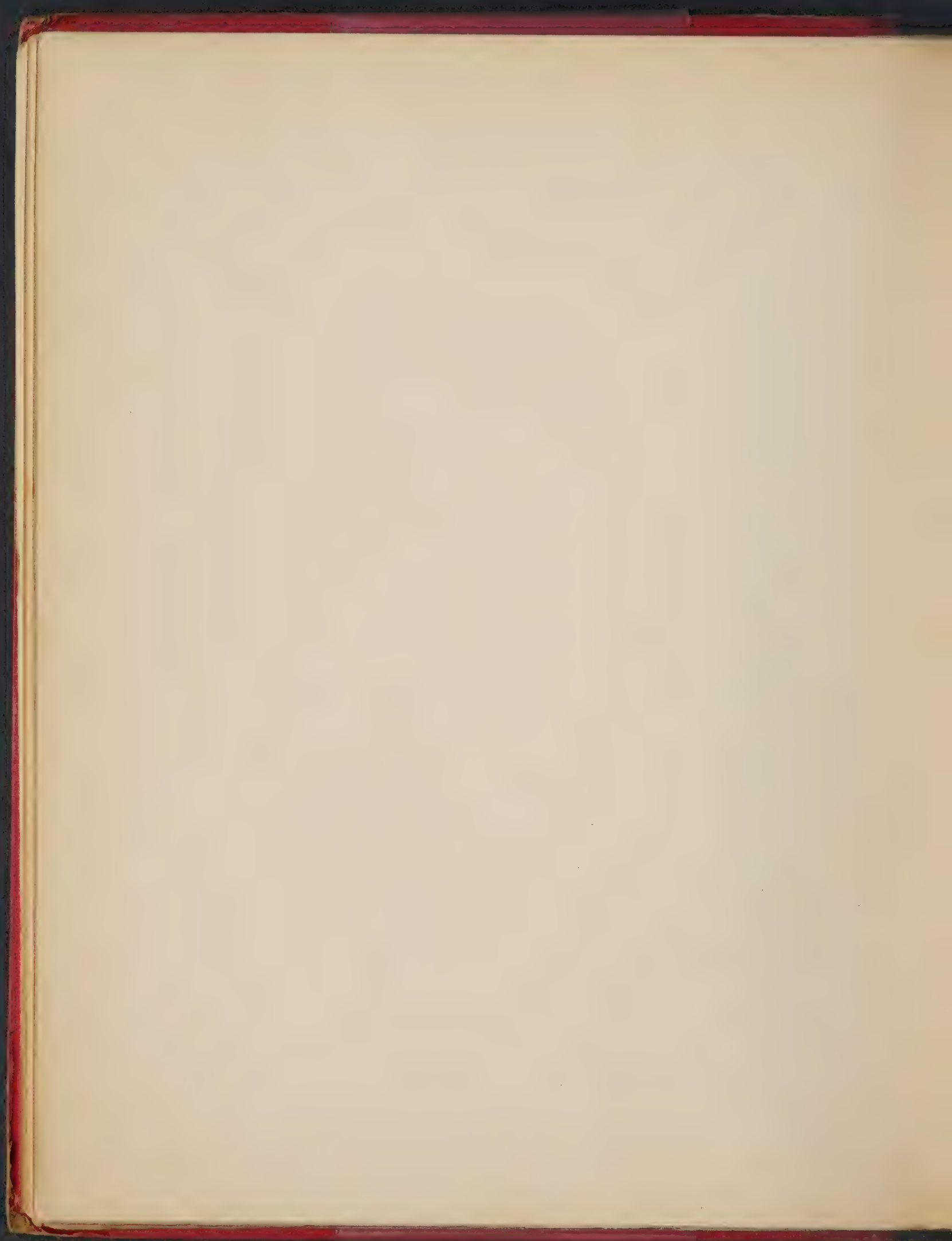


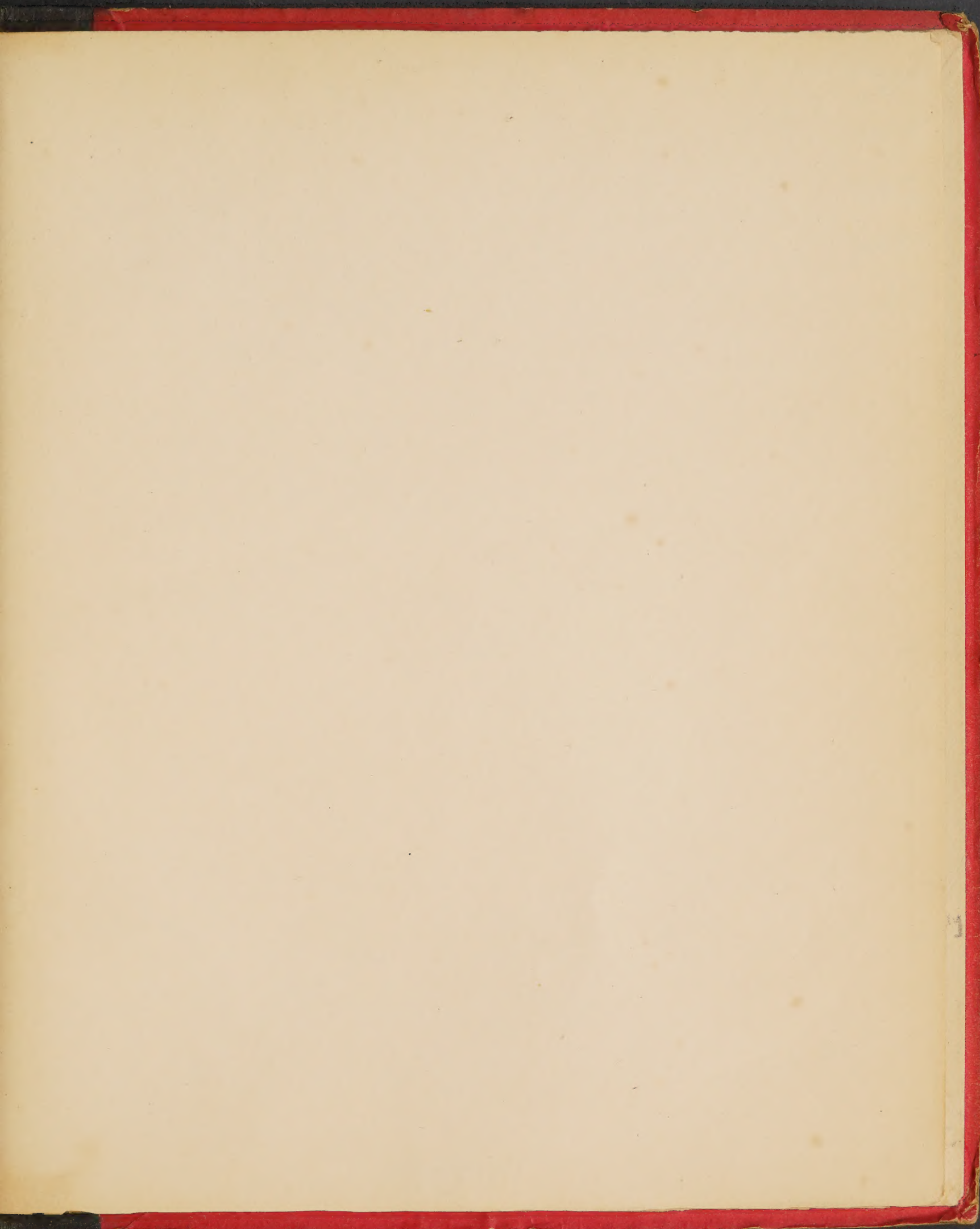












HQ

1201

,D53

1844

C.2

4117141

8550

Karl Yost

10/25 only

2650

44

72"

